

A COLLECTION
OF VERSE

REMEMBERING

BY

VIOLET
FYHRIE
ZIMMERMAN



CUSTOM PRINTERS

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Spokane, Washington

DEDICATION

This book of poems is dedicated
to my eight children —

*Irene, Lulu, Grace, Garda, Violet,
Linn, Richard and George,*

whose love and loyalty
have been with me
all through the years.

Printed for
Violet Fyhrie Zimmerman
October, 1966

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Star Rifts On The Snow
Dawn
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From Sea To Sea In Song

FOREWORD

There is a charm and appeal in this volume of poetry by Violet Fyhrie Zimmerman; a book to be treasured by those who value beauty in nature, love of home, and serenity of mind through divine faith, as revealed by the author in her creative vivid word-pictures.

Mrs. Zimmerman's verse has appeared in local, national and international periodicals and anthologies. She has received honors in various literary contests. Her poem, "*As A Day*," won her the title of Poet Laureate of the Washington State Federation of Women's Clubs for the year 1953. The poem won first place in the annual poetry contest sponsored by the Federation.

For several years she has served as treasurer of Poetry Scribes of Spokane. She still holds that office in this organization. She held the office of president for three consecutive years, and for many years assisted in proof reading of manuscripts submitted by the members for their annual anthology of "Turquoise Lanterns." She is also a member of Spokane Chapter, Composers, Authors and Artists of America. In this club, she was poetry chairman and instructor for many years.

In 1959 she was chosen Lilac Poet by Poetry Scribes of Spokane. Her name appears in International Who's Who in Poetry, Cranbrook Tower Press, London.

Mrs. Zimmerman is the mother of five daughters and three sons.

Amy Woodward Fisher

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STARS OF LILAC BLOOM

The lilac leans against my window pane,
Each burnished bud awakening to the spring,
A bluebird flashes by on eager wing,
I hear his voice
In rapture midst the falling rain;
O heart rejoice
For April's stormy skies are making room
To launch the rocket stars of lilac bloom.

AS A DAY

Our Western mountains still look calmly down
On winding forest trails' pine-scented floor.
They see green fertile valleys, and a road
That leads in safety to the sunset shore.
These same high mountains, mist-enshrouded saw
The labored sufferings of an earlier year,
When covered wagons crept at tortuous pace
Through shadowed valleys of despair and fear.
"A thousand years with God, are as a day,"
And these eternal hills, till time shall cease,
Behold each generation kneels to pray,
Then seeks the way to Freedom and to Peace.

THE HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST

I saw him first — an iridescent gleam
That darted in and out — amid the shade —
Or did I see him — was it just a dream,
Or rainbow-sparkling, that the dew-drops made?
On countless trips, through sunshine and through shadow,
He carried wisps of grass, or thistle feather,
And bits of wool, left for him, in the meadow —
With patient beak, he wove them all together.
The nest is empty now — Untenanted
It clings — wee cradle on a barren bough
Of eucalyptus tree — the birds are fled —
Their dwelling place is bleak, deserted, now.
O small dream house, so frail a thing to prove,
The consummation of their Faith and Love!

PANSIES

Quaint and elfin pansy children,
Almost hidden in the grass,
In a mist of tender fragrance,
Smiling on us as we pass.
Pansies are for thoughts — remembering —
Friendships of the passing years,
Precious dreams that lie unspoken
Grief that hides too deep for tears.
Purple, gold and dusky velvet
Spark the springtime's early gloom,
That my heart may hold forever,
Gentle, fragrant pansy bloom.

FEBRUARY DAY

Such loveliness is all about — We wake
To find the world transformed and robed in white.
Bare tree and shrub are blossoming — each flake
Of snow in garlands, fair as May. The light
Of morning sun gleams pale through amber mist
To dress each barren twig, and leafless branch
In frosty jewels, gold and amethyst.
A tiny bird can start an avalanche
From laden boughs, impatient for the spring.
The little hills are wrapped in silence deep
They wait as if to hear the whispering
Of earth's small children waking from their sleep.
So short the day! The stars light one by one,
And then, too soon, the happy day, is done.

FEBRUARY SCENE

Fog arises from the river
Clothing all the trees with mist
Sequins star the veil of morning
Star the lacy veil of morning
Sparkling bright with amethyst.

Snow fields shine with rose and silver
Jeweled twigs with sunbeams kissed,
On bright wings the woods adorning,
Crimson breasts the woods adorning,
Spring and robins keep their tryst.

EASTER

I thought
"I shall buy shoes,"
But when I trod
The new green sod
Of clovers sweet
Beneath my feet—
Then I forgot.

Again I thought
To buy a hat,
Yet smiling cherry
Blooms o'erspread
A dainty covering
For my head—
So I forgot.

LILAC-BLOOM

Lilacs in the garden,
Budding in the rain —
Sturdy branches swinging
Blue-birds once again.

Lilacs dripping fragrance
By the garden gate,
Where in Summer's beauty,
Sweet-hearts linger late.

Lilacs by the old stone wall,
Where we stood together,
We could see a downy nest,
With a bluebird's feather.

Lilacs turned to silver —
Magic of the moon —
Summer's birds and blossoms gone —
Winter came too soon.

O, the haunting fragrance,
In my lonely room,
When Memory swings the censer
Of purple lilac-bloom!

THE HEART RECALLS

I well remember on that morn in May
He brought me violets fresh washed with dew,
And laid them on my desk to breathe anew
What bashfully he would not, could not say.
And I remember how the clouds at play
Piled up like snow banks in the brilliant blue,
And over head one bird that singing flew
Straight up, toward the sun, to greet the day.

Those years have passed into oblivion
(Why does the heart recall these little things?)
The trivial ways of life go on and on.
The heart picks up the fragrance and the wings.

When lives are filled with sorrow and with pain,
How blessed the *happy* memories we retain!

VISION

As I look from my window-pane,
All I can see is cold gray rain,
And drab hill-tops and leaden sky,
With gray clouds slowly drifting by.

I look within — warm fire glows
On shining draperies of rose,
And friendly flowers in the room,
Shed on the air their sweet perfume.

I think it must be always so,
Wherever inner heart-fires glow,
The world without may gloomy be,
What matters that to you or me?

As long as home's hearth fires keep warm,
Affection curtains out the storm,
Though life may rage, and skies grow drear,
Love blossoms still for us, my dear.

VIOLETS

My neighbor said to me,
Looking across my yard,
(Where fragrant blooms made purple tapestry.)
*"Those violets are weeds, just weeds —
You should dig them up,
Before they ruin all your lawn."*

But I — remembering that other Spring,
When we found violets
Beneath last year's brown leaves,
So long — and long ago —
I said — *"Oh No —
They are not weeds —
We'll let them grow!"*

ACROSS THE WAY

Oh, little homes across the way
Drowse on with half-shut eyes.
I wonder if you understand
The marvel and surprise
Of thousand little questing roots
A-groping in the sod,
And myriads of greening points
That animate each clod.
Such pushing of wee finger-tips
Up through the darksome mold,
And opening of varnished buds
As leaf on leaf unfold.
The tapping of bird architects
Just underneath your eves—
The fairy voices whispering
Of tiny, new green leaves.
Awake my little Houses dear,
For joy awake and sing.
See at your very own door-sill
The miracle of Spring!

DID MARY KNOW?

Did Mary know when she rocked to sleep,
The Child on her loving breast,
That someday He would say to men,
"Come unto Me and Rest?"

Did Mary know when she combed the locks
Back from His forehead white,
That cruel thorns someday would mar
That brow of Heavenly light?

Did Mary know when the Christ-Child played
With shavings on Joseph's floor,
That some day He would say to us,
"I am the Way — the Door?"

Ah — Mary knew, and she pondered well,
But held her thoughts apart —
As mothers have learned since days of old,
She kept them in her heart.

I WALK WITH YOU

Down the long path of the by-gone years,
I walk with you,
With sometimes smiles, and sometimes tears,
Roses and rue,
We've stood on the heights of transcendent bliss,
We've walked in vales of pain,
But I'd give the world for that first kiss,
And to walk with you again.

Down the long path when the world was gay,
I walked with you,
Sweet roses bloomed beside the way,
Love's song was new,
And could I journey that way once more,
Thru' sunshine sweet, or rain
I'd choose you, Dear, as I did of yore,
And I'd walk with you again.

Now we are nearer that Other Land
I walked with you,
We are still walking hand in hand,
Your heart is true.
When we come to the end of the journey, Dear,
At the turning of the lane,
When the gates of Heaven open near,
May I walk with you again?

SNOW BLOOMS

Strange, on a day of winter's snow,
The orchard's branches swaying bare,
That suddenly the honey sweet
Of apple blossoms fill the air.

And I can see them
Fair and snowy white
Through gray cloud rifts
In opalescent light.

How can it be?
For it is winter now,
Can snow blooms lie so fragrant
On this bough?

CHALICED BEAUTY

Worth more than Midas touch — the power
That's given to me. These hands of mine
Can change, in just one little hour
The pleasant fruit of tree and vine,
To jeweled loveliness.
Delights that summer holds most dear.
In crystal chalice, prisoned here,
For further usefulness.
The scent of apple blossoms white,
The frosty bloom on purple plum,
The sparkling depth of star-lit night,
Gold, waving cane where wild bees hum,
Scents and colors overlaid,
Of such, is jelly made.

MEMORIES OF FALL

(Spenserian Sonnet)

I never saw so bright a Fall before —
Such rare effulgence of each branch and leaf;
This chestnut tree which stands beside my door,
Was brilliant as a torch — beyond belief
It flamed. (This Midas touch can cause no grief,
When beauty lies about us everywhere.)
We pray that chilly winter will be brief,
The while we miss the golden Autumn air,
And as we wait, we never must despair,
At finding something beautiful revealed
In summer, winter, spring or fall; each fair
In its own way — lake, mountain, valley, field.
So wheels God's world in continuity,
Each season best, as it was meant to be.

LATE DANDELION

A dandelion bloomed alone
One late November day —
I wondered why it spent its gold,
When frost had come that way.

Then suddenly from out the sky,
In straight unswerving flight,
I saw a yellow butterfly,
It came — and golden bright,

It fluttered to the blossom's rim,
And sipped the nectar there,
All undisturbed by winter's cold
When Death was in the air.

And then I knew a Kindly Fate,
Had made the blossom bloom so late.

SMALL BIRDS' THANKSGIVING

Cold snow now has come in the mountains,
The birds of the air have flown down
To spend winter in our little valley,
To frolic in our meadows brown.

They hunt for the bright, scarlet berries —
And search out the innermost seed,
They swing from briar and bramble,
They balance on dry, withered weed.

They fill all the garden with singing,
Gray-gowned feathered choir o'erhead —
Give thanks for a merciful harvest —
Thanksgiving for their daily bread!

QUAIL IN WINTER

Look here come the Quail —
Walking up the rocky trail,
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Each one just behind the other,
Wagging plush berets of black,
(All in line now — don't look back).

Up they come from river's edge,
To the bank's high snowy ledge,
Hunting infinitesimal seeds,
Under withered grass and weeds.

Sudden noise, a flash of light —
(Quick kids, get out of sight)
Search how you may, you'll not discover,
A single bird there under cover.

REVELATION AT DAWN

The Dawn reveals so many lovely things —
Each slender blade reflects the morning sun,
A butterfly unfolds his fragile wings,
While daisy buds are opening one by one.
The amber sunlight drifts along the bough,
And seeks out little nests where birds are waking.
The stir of Life is all about us now,
To tell the world the golden dawn is breaking.
On dew-drenched leaves, a ring-necked pheasant comes,
In search of breakfast for his hungry brood,
And far away a lonely partridge drums;
How manifold the voices from the wood!
The morning comes — night shadows fade away,
With laughing hearts go forth to meet the day.

SLEEP SONG

Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye

Dear little One,

Mother will rock you to Sleepy time Land.

Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye, low is the sun

Come with me, Darling, hold fast to my hand.

High in the dark sky, the stars peek-a-boo,

Wee birds are cuddling in soft feather nest.

Little white lambs scamper past the bright moon,

Come, little Lamb it is time for your rest.

Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye, sweet is the breeze,

Blowing so gently on meadows and flowers,

Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye — sweeter than these

Drowsy pink rose in this garden of ours.

Sleep—Sleep—Sleep.

DESERT FLOWER

I walked alone across the desert sand.

The hot sky like a brazen bowl, turned down

Upon the naked, shimmering plain. The land

Was desolate and helpless in the frown

Of summer's draught. There was no hint of green

No shrub or tree to give a needed shade,

When suddenly a miracle was seen;

Before me stood a frail and slender blade,

That held aloft a gentian flower of blue.

A startling revelation came to me,

That I might understand — my soul then knew

And saw a vision of eternity.

LONELY WOOD
(*A Spenserian Sonnet*)

When I was just a little lonely child
I liked to wander in a quiet wood.
It seemed a sanctuary undefiled
And filled with all things suited to my mood.
What beauty of the trees and shrubs that stood
Encircling grassy nook and flowers fair —
No sound in all this fragrant solitude
Except a whirr of wings imprisoned there.

For here was summerland without a care,
And I could watch the shadow clouds at play,
The joy was almost more than I could bear,
All woes forgotten in the radiant day.
Since then, I search, but never can I find,
The "Shangrila" of youth and Peace of Mind.

TO A RIVER

River, tell me River
What your secrets are
In your depths you mirror
Sunbeams or a star,
You hold within your heart the magic from afar.

From some cavern springing
In the lonely night,
Led by some bird's singing,
Guided by star light,
You undismayed go forth on your predestined flight.

River, in your flowing
Onward to the sea,
You are ever showing
Transient moods to me.
Turbulent or singing with tranquility.

River, friendly River,
Murmur all night long,
I am lonely never
Listening to your song.
Now I can rest and know that nothing can go wrong.

LITTLE HILLS

Little hills are friends to me
Friends with merry faces,
As they skip along before
With their charming graces.
Always just around the bend
Are the sweetest flowers,
Ever just a little way
Are fair, crystal showers.
Little hills are friends indeed,
Bringing hope — just what I need.

Little paths are friends to me,
Friends who take my hand —
Lead me down a winding trail
To that wonderland —
Wonderland of bud and bloom
Springtime minstrelsy,
Every little sight and sound,
Full of mystery.
Now oh heart, awake and sing,
With the earth's returning spring!

DANDELION

Little yellow dandelion
Growing in the grass,
You turn a glowing face to all,
And smile on all who pass.

“*Fortune-teller*,” you are called,
By our English cousins
When children blow your feathery down,
And plant more by the dozens!

Your “*Polly-anna*” attitude,
I grieve so much to say,
Does not extend to all of us,
When comes the close of day.

The myriad smiling faces
That greet the early dawn
Certainly foretell the fate
Of our brand-new lawn!

RAINBOW BY THE LAKE

The rain has ceased, the sun comes through
The clouds, in rays of golden light
That spill their wealth from fields of blue,
On diamond rain drops glistening bright.
They arch a rainbow in the sky,
A bridge for fairies — from the height
Of purple heavens. Far and nigh,
The colors bloom, and blend, to make
A flower garden, hanging high,
A fair kaleidoscope to shake
Its quivering prisms in the lake.

HIS GARMENT'S HEM

There is a certain space
Between the night time and the dawn,
Not dark — not light,
Not day — nor night —
Before the morning's come.
The last pale star is gone,
The last frail breeze is hidden away;
Where is the East?
No light comes yet to greet the day,
I stand here
In that mysterious interim,
And feel I am so near
My soul can touch His garment's hem.

NANCY HANKS

She stood alone beside the shining rails
That stretched beyond the hills and far again.
A whistle-stop . . . a water tower and trails
And lonesome pine trees, wet with Autumn rain.
So tall the trees, the sun could never shine
Upon her, save at noon, on brightest days.
Dark hills that loomed afar, with snowy line
Could scarce be seen, so dense the forest-ways.
Her feet could go a space, where river wound . . .
A low log cabin stood among the trees,
Amidst the song of birds . . . no other sound . . .
She could not know that from such things as these
Should come a man, great as the meek are great
Whose name should be revered, in every state.

PIONEER WOMAN

She rode beside him in the caravan
Across the desert sands and rocky trails.
Day after day, mile after mile, her man
Found strength and courage — love that never fails.
The sound of wheels, the some-time whiff of broom,
Monotony of heat, and wind, and sand,
The transient perfume of a flower in bloom,
A glory in that barren, desert land.
The patience of the trees, and quietness,
The courage to withstand vicissitude —
She helped to found a home in wilderness,
And leave a heritage both brave and good.

SUNSET

Together, Westward then we rode
Our quest — a sunset in the sea,
Where hot the flaming skies still glowed
In furnace fires of mystery.

The road then turned, and at our back
Lay sea and sky and setting sun;
Before us wound a forest track,
And shadow-dreams by fancy spun,

We turned again, the sun still there
Hung like a great balloon of gold,
And we could only stand and stare
As dark and distant billows rolled,

We scarcely dared to breathe — at last
The sun dropped down, and suddenly
It plunged into the deep, and cast
A radiant trail across the sea.

OLD WATER FRONT

Indistinct in the fog and mist
They huddle in dawn, gray and cold —
With blinking yellow eyes they peer,
On the restless sea, as of old.

Buffeting storms on the water front
With their feet in shifting sand,
They see the coming and going of men,
On sea and on the land.

What thoughts are behind those yellow eyes
That look from the dusty pane,
As they see the ships sail out in the dawn,
And come not back again?

O, what do you know, old Yellow Eyes,
As you stare through fog and rain,
As the tide goes out, and the mists arise,
And the tide returns again?

SIGNS OF SPRING

I asked "*Is this indeed the road to Spring,
So chill, with ice and snow on everything?*"
The crocus-bud, the redning stems of vines,
I miss so much the old familiar signs,
But look! There is a bluebird on the wing!

And signs there are — I must not pass them by!
A darkning cloud, a patch of bright blue sky,
A spat of hail, a feather-fine of snow,
That brings to light a bit of green below,
Where dandelion blinks with his one gold eye!

SPRING

Always when the days of spring,
Come to fill the world with light,
My heart keeps remembering
All that made my youth so bright.

Under leaves of yesteryear
Slumbered frail blue violets —
Heart of mine withhold your fear,
Spring must bring no vain regrets.

Magic of the budding leaf,
Joyous, care-free burgeoning —
There's no place for winter's grief,
When the heart is full of spring!

EASTER SONG

Now lilac buds are bursting
In sparkling April rain,
Their scented blossoms telling
That spring has come again
And Hope will banish Pain.

All you whose hearts are heavy
With grief so hard to bear,
Hear now the Easter message
Of flowers everywhere,
For Faith assuages Care.

FEBRUARY

The winter has encompassed us about,
So long has closed us in with ice and snow
Within four walls — but when we do look out,
Our souls envision blooms, and perfumes flow
From frosted petals. In our hearts we see
The loveliness that soon will come, when Spring
Will fling green banners out, spread tapestry
Of bloom and color. Joyous birds will sing
While tiny whispering voices underground
Will clamor for release and creep to light,
And warmth of sun, and friendliness abound
When Winter's gone, with loneliness and night.
New every year, abundance of His Grace,
Shall send us Spring — the shining of His Face!

QUEST

We need not travel far to find the gold
That lies at rainbow's end, in our great land,
For seasons spill abundant wealth untold
That nations may be fed — and at our hand
Lies every generous gift that God has given
To make earth fair and lovely for man's good.
This world could be a counterpart of Heaven,
All people held in bonds of brotherhood,
If man could be forgiving — help to bear
Each other's burdens — try to understand
With love and deep humility to share
Abundant life sent from our Father's hand.
“*Thy Kingdom come*”, we pray that wars shall cease,
Thy people one, shall live in perfect Peace.

ON VISITING ROME

(*Spenserian Stanza*)

O, Rome, fair city built on seven hills,
Where glory and enchantment once were thine,
Now scarred and broken pillars, crumbling sills
Of pagan shrines are left — the only sign.
All gone — the pomp and grandeur, the long line
Of potentates and kings, of earthly power.
Upon your ancient altars, grows a vine,
The *Bouganvillia*, whose bud and flower
Are symbols of the Faith that lights war's darkest hour.

MY GARDEN

My garden is so beautiful,
Its colors wondrous rare,
It is so neat, and quite complete,
Each day it grows more fair.

Pansies in the borders,
Clove pinks and mignonette,
And on the wall, red roses tall,
I smell their fragrance yet.

Petunias and candy-tuft
Border all the walks,
While by the fence are regiments
Of tall, red hollyhocks.

There's not a garden in the town
As fine as mine, you know,
With glad surprise, I take first prize,
At every flower show.

And this is passing strange, because
This month is February
My garden bed, when all is said,
Is quite imaginary.

I do it every year, you know —
Come rain, or snow, or fog —
My garden fine, is really mine,
In the first seed catalog.

CORN WEATHER

My Grandad says he likes to go
Down in the cornfield in the night.
He says that he can hear it grow
Especially if it's full moonlight.

For warmed by August noon-day suns,
And cooled by every summer shower,
Along each stalk the quick sap runs,
To tell the time to grow and flower.

A stir of life that opens leaf —
Each tassel shakes a thread of silk —
A leaf bud bursts enclosing sheath —
Within each kernel stirs the milk.

But I am wondering — does my Grandad know
Does corn have ears, to hear its own self grow?

TO MOTHER

There's a very special corner,
In my heart, reserved for you,
Just a little fragrant corner,
Holding memories good and true.

There are scents of apple blossoms,
And a flash of blue-bird wings,
There are tints of purple lilacs,
And the songs that Mother sings.

Lillies of the Valley, ringing
Silver bells at close of day,
Little children in the garden,
Kneel at Mother's side to pray.

Hear a whispering of voices —
See a glimpse of angel eyes —
Gentle memories come drifting
Like frail wings of butterflies.

And, my Mother, by these tokens,
I believe I undertsand,
How His angels guard and keep us,
Lead us gently by the hand.

LITTLE GARDENER

I had a quaint little neighbor,
So frail, and small and sweet,
She wore a blue sun bonnet
And an apron neat.

She was always in her garden
From early morning's sun
Pulling weeds and raking,
Until the day was done.

Her flowers grew so lustily
And blossomed row on row,
As if in gratitude and love
They couldn't help but grow.

Lilies swung their censers,
Lilacs waved their plumes,
While pansies fair, and mignonette
Wafted sweet perfumes.

When twilight came, a shadow passed
Through misty garden gate,
My little old neighbor left me
And the flowers desolate.

But I know that some place —
Where the holy angels sing,
There is a lovely garden —
And always it is spring.

And there I hope to meet her,
With her little hoe and rake,
Working in the garden,
That the angels help her make.

MARCH

March came in like a lion
With clamorous shout and roar,
Crying down the chimney,
Tossing snow balls at the door,
Wildly turning wind mills
Blowing brown leaves high,
Chasing little white sheep clouds
Across the stormy sky.

March goes out like a white lamb,
No longer with shout and roar —
For he brings the whispering myriads
Of flowers to our very door.
Awakening birds in the woodland,
Start singing as he goes by,
With tumbling clouds he is playing,
A game in the blue spring sky.

When March comes in like a lion,
Like a lamb he will be leaving,
With sun and showers, and Easter flowers,
And joys past all believing.

WASHINGTON IN MAY

O try, in May, to visit Washington,
When lilacs bloom,
When breezes washed by rain, and warmed by sun
Are making room
For every lovely, sweet familiar sight
Of welcoming —
And star-like petals, lavender and white
Their fragrance fling.
Before Spring altars, purple censers sway,
That all may heed
From winter hearts, the stone is rolled away —
That for each need
New Hope and springtime certainty are won.
God bless our own fair state of Washington!

A LITTLE GROVE

There stands a little grove of trees,
My heart has known them long —
They hold the secret of my dreams,
The burden of my song.

They are so slender, tall and straight
With branches spreading far —
And through their lacy filagree
I spy the evening star.

And by this grove, we plan a house,
(If Fate will be so kind)
The floors, the ceiling, shingled roof,
By my True Love designed.

This fallen log of sycamore,
We place upon our fire,
And watch the flames, that hopeful rise,
To Land of Hearts' Desire.

SAN FRANCISCO

From this window, I can see
Low flat roofs and a tall palm tree,
Little gardens — one, two, three.

Fenced in gardens — long and narrow,
Hardly room for wren or sparrow,
Blooming rose and one wheel barrow.

Waves come thundering fierce and strong
Winds, incessant, join their song
With the foghorns, all night long.

Gray sea wall at our back-door
White capped waves that shout and roar
White sea gulls that dip and soar.

Pale face homes with golden eyes,
Pastel terraces arise
Meet the gray of arching skies.

Gold by night and white by day,
Jeweled arches swing and sway,
Pictured in the mirror-bay.

OLD VIOLIN

In dreams I see an old violin
Lovingly tucked 'neath sturdy chin,
The bow held tight in chubby hand
With brow puckered up, to understand
Perplexities of scale and note
And eerie sounds from Fiddle's throat.

Poor violin, with a broken string
Sweet memories around you cling —
As beat by beat, and tone on tone,
Incessant as a metronome,
Steals to my heart — around, within,
The whisperings of a violin.

JANUARY GLOOM

Across the fields of January gloom
Chinook comes roaring from the Western sea,
He chases clouds, and warns them to make room,
For fair blue skies, and Springtime minstrelsy.
Wherever his bold, questing feet now tread
Are hollows where bright cow-slips laugh in glee,
And myriads of voices from their bed
Are clamoring above the wind and rain,
“We are awake — has not the Winter fled?”
O wild Chinook — may you not come in vain
To rouse the sleeping flowers. Though shrill your cries
We welcome you. We know that in your train
Are blue birds' symphonies and butterflies,
To mingle with earth's spring time lullabies.

OLD MAN CHINOOK

Old Man Chinook came up from the sea,
And he shook his head and laughed in glee,
And cried, "*Oh, Winter, look out for me!*"

He rode over the hills on a stormy cloud,
And shouted and boisterously roared aloud,
And the forest trees on the mountain bowed.

He puffed out his cheeks and blew with his might
On the snowy hills and valleys white,
And the icy brooks in the pale sunlight.

But Old Chinook is not cross as he seems
It is all a part of his friendly schemes,
For under his brow, his friendly eye gleams.

His steps have left hollows where buttercups grow,
And his breath melts away the lingering snow,
And gray pussy willows creep out in a row.

And there in the light of the morning we find
The valley with new green grass is lined —
Old Man Chinook is really kind.

THE BLIZZARD RIDE

(Petrarchan Sonnet)

Before us lies the valley, still and white
The darkling river slowly moves along,
And murmurs in its sleep a drowsy song.
Incessant falls the snow in waning light;
In myriad reflections in their flight
They dance before us in a dazzling throng,
Like frail white moths, who dare not stay for long,
But dash headlong into the stormy night.
Then suddenly from clearing skies, the moon
Emerges glowing bright to show the way,
Across a wonderland of ice and snow.
Now stars appear, afraid to come too soon
Not knowing whether it is night or day,
We travel on, for we have far to go.

AMERICA

America — your treasures are as gold.
Can any song of mine, can any prose
Extol my land — the wonders manifold?
Your mountain-altars gleam amid the snows,
In regimental green, the forests stand,
Great rivers turn swift wheels for magic power,
And valleys bloom reclaimed across the land
Where vision and achievement wait their hour.
What challenge and what inspiration dwell
Within your walls, O Land of my delight!
Here beauty and enchantment weave a spell
From sea to sea — from vale to mountain height.
Our Faith, our Hope, our Prayers are all for thee —
God grant you Peace and blest Prosperity.

WATER POWER

For a thousand years or so,
Mountain tops still held the snow,
Holding too, Potential Power
Slumbering — waiting for the hour
When the Sun with golden fingers
Shall unlock the ice that lingers —
Free the Power from chains that bound it,
From the solitude around it.
Drop by drop, with tinkling laughter,
Melting snow comes tumbling after,
Down the mountain, over ledges,
Over rocks, and weeds and sedges —
Swifter then, down steep incline,
Over feet of little pine.
Gathering strength it onward rushes,
Splashing clumps of wild-sage-brushes,
In black caverns, all unknowing,
Over basalt rocks — then flowing
Past a farm, and little dairy,
Turning grist-mills, solitary;
Joining with a rushing river,
In one joyous, mad endeavor.
Over dams, and under bridges,
Roaring over rocky ridges,
Past the ripening fields of grain,
Blooming orchards wet with rain,
Past fine cities with their glamour,
Noisy factories with their clamor,
Spinning wheels and turbines turning —
Countless lights in beauty burning —
Making in one magic hour,
Light and heat and giant-power,
Richer life and better living —
Water-Power — wondergiving!

LILACS

I like lilacs. They are so self-reliant —
Why, even long before the winter's past,
Their buds begin to burgeon and to grow,
The twigs take on a tender hint of green.
And so brave! They're seemingly defiant
Of icy winds — of raging storms, At last
Their heart-shaped leaves, soft uncurling show
That delicate fair tint, that's only seen
In April here. And suddenly the pliant
Branches spray and surge into a vast
Sea of loveliness, that only lilacs know —
Purple, and fragrant plumes, fit for a queen!

AN APPLE TREE IN MAY

Chromatelle

Is there anything more lovely,
Than an apple tree in May
With its rosy buds and blossoms,
Pearly, fragrant buds and blossoms,
Opening to the pristine day?

O, be still my heart and listen —
Listen to the voice of Spring,
Than the delicate fair blooming,
Than the magic of its blooming,
No — there is no lovelier thing.

WE FACE THE FUTURE

Long since the covered wagons ceased to roll
With creaking wheels along the sunset road —
No more the journeys perilous and grim,
With hearts too heavy with their weary load.
One hundred years of progress have rung down,
The curtain on the pageant of the West —
The old play ends — the new play now begins,
For each age has its pilgrimage and quest.
For men still search to find the rainbow's end,
And struggle on to climb the mountain peak.
Unlimited horizons wait for those
Who dare to think — and thinking, dare to speak.
The torch of Freedom, held aloft, shall light
The future pathway, as men seek the Right.

AT DAWNING

I must go back to our old home again
The very walls reflect your presence, Dear,
For Some one calls me; some voice loud and clear.
I must go back, though gray Autumnal rain
Beats mercilessly on each chill window pane,
And hollow echoings bring trembling fear.
But suddenly bright shafts of sunlight near
Rouse memories that on my heart have lain.

We climb the stairs together, you and I —
(How many times we climbed them in the past!)
We see the clouds depart, the clearing sky.
Almost I hear you say, "*Storms do not last.*"
The stairs are steep and I must rest awhile —
Tomorrow dawns, and I shall see your smile.

INSPIRATION

When I was young, and all my life was full
With round of duties, and of vexing care —
I thought life circumscribed and very dull,
Sometimes — not understanding — unaware
An angel stood beside me, full of grace,
I dimly saw the shining of His face.
One day, I heard a voice, that softly said,
*"Be not so Martha-minded, little one —
Lift up thine eyes; the East is dawning red,
With the full glory of the new day's sun,
Behold the cherry tree's white blossoming,
And let within your heart the breath of spring."*
I looked, and found life stretched serene and whole,
To new and fair horizons of the soul.

GLAD JUNE HAS COME

Glad June has come
And the blossoming flowers
Catch the glimmering sunlight
In chalices of gold.
The sweetest, wildest music
Is heard from woodland bowers:
Life and love and gladness
On billows of song are rolled.
Glad June has come.

LONELY SEA

I went down on the sands one day,
While still the sun was sleeping,
And the old boat rocked and rocked on the beach,
And fog came creeping, creeping.
The little waves crept to my feet,
Dared me to follow after,
While as they ran away from me
I heard their elfin laughter.
They ran and ran, but left on the shore
Their offering at my feet —
A wreath of foam, a swag of moss —
A little sea-shell neat.
Outgoing tides took away the gifts,
The moss and the white sea-foam,
But left one token there for me —
I took the little shell home.
O that was long and long ago,
And the sea is far away,
But I can still smell the salt, salt sea,
And feel on my cheek — the spray,
And hear the waves, like a little bell,
Ring again in the curves of the white sea-shell.

OMAR KHAYYAM

I tread along Life's weary way forlorn,
And pick the roses — minding not the thorn;
I know not what awaits of good or ill,
For this I lived, and for this end was born.

The day you came, the earth had turned to Spring,
The flowers bloomed — the birds began to sing,
The day you went, the earth had turned to ash,
And naught there was for Life or Love to bring.

I looked through darkened glass the way to see
But rose was dust, and you were far from me,
Shall ought we had of Love last unto Death?
Though stars are mute, they still bring ecstasy.

And what we know of Birth — did we forget?
And what we know of Death, is smaller yet.
Strange, those we love, they come not back to tell
Of that Beyond. It does no good to fret.

THE NAME OF FATHER

Your name of Father meant to me,
All that was kind and good,
It meant all truth and constancy,
Someone who understood.

I hear your voice across the years,
Serene at close of day,
It always drove away my fears,
And eased heartache away.

And now a fragment of a song,
Will bring you back again —
Your children's children 'round me throng,
Love's memory conquers pain.

THE HUMMINGBIRD

(Mason Sonnet)

The Hummingbird hangs motionless in air
Or so it seems, for I can not detect
The slightest movement of his gauzy wings —
Then suddenly — a flash — I know not where
And he is gone, but waterdrops reflect
His glory past, in opalescent rings.
I can not find him, for he never sings.
Like flitting sunbeam, where will he elect
To forage for his nectar now, to sup
From columbine and lilac, to perfect
From myriad flower sweets, his store prepare
For birdlings, his own special golden cup?
Safe hidden in their nest, they drink it up.
Small jeweled monarch views his kingdom there.

THE RIVER
(*A Miniature*)

Where the river winds its way
Winds where hills are low,
Fair syringa blossoms ride
On its dimpled flow.
Where the pebbles lie so white,
In the sandy hollows
And the sea-gulls come to find
Fish in near-by shallows,
Now the river wanders far
Mirror clouds and evening star.

SPOKANE

Spokane, fair city of the Golden West,
Your snow-capped mountains watch on every side.
Their scented pine trees lure to peace and rest,
Your river and its falls, our Empire's pride.
In spring, your many joys are magnified,
Then all your orchard trees are blossoming,
Contentment falls on those who here abide,
For mountain, plain and fruited valley sing —
Then you are loveliest in garlands of the Spring.

LOVE TOKENS

He brought me a bunch of wilted daisies
In a little grimy fist,
And said, "*Mom, these are for you,*"
While he stood on tip-toe to be kissed.

Now, grown tall, he still brings me flowers,
Orchid corsage with a ribbon bow,
But when he kisses me — it's strange,
I'm the one to stand on tip-toe.

TO AMY FISHER

My Friend

Amy, sweet old fashioned name,
Like a breath of spring —
Thoughts of pansies, buttercups,
Friendly birds that sing.

Amy — at its mentioning,
Then we call to mind,
Someone very sweet and dear,
Someone always kind.

MY SON'S BIRTHDAY

I light no candles on this cake
Beloved son of mine —
But if you're happy, then for us
The Birthday candles shine.

For Pride and Love still light a flame
Though near or far apart —
For every year that you have lived
Lights a candle in my heart.



PATCH-WORK

The silver ribbon of the road
Unrolls for miles ahead,
To border crazy patchwork farms,
In green and gold and red.

The feather-stitching of the flowers,
In every lovely hue,
Makes our summer comforter,
Most beautiful to view.

PICTURE

White lilacs cover with their fragrant stars
The broken wheel, that silvered with the years,
Lies half forgotten, fallen with the scars
Of wind and weather, tragedy and tears,
Symbolic of those souls who braved the wilds
Triumphant over doubt and pain and fears.



SUNSET

The Western sky is beautiful tonight,
The sun is sending forth its golden light,
The purple mountains drifting far away,
Are fading slowly into twilight gray.
One star gleams from the blue serene and high —
And seems so friendly with its twinkling eye,
Then other stars wink back from bridge and hill,
A bird stirs in its nest — then all is still.

YELLOW ROSES

I came into the room
Disconsolate and burdened with my care
And suddenly I saw within the gloom
A light of many candles glowing there.

Golden bright, they stood
While incense floated on the evening air,
A bunch of yellow roses from the wood,
Each petal offering a fragrant prayer.



MOON MAGIC

Such magic is abroad on moonlight nights,
With beauty swift-unfolding;
Her potent wine in silver cup,
To eager lips is holding!
I need no wine. On moon lit nights
I'm drunk with just beholding!

BEFORE THE SNOW HAS LEFT

Before the snow has left our winter garden
The lilacs are holding
All their pent-up beauty for a future day,
Their green-pointed, frost petaled buds
Soon to be unfolding,
For the May.

A flash of bluebird wing
A spark of golden light,
And suddenly from out chill winter's gloom,
A purple fragrance
In a misty turbulence —
The lilac is in bloom!



INGRATITUDE

A yellow flicker came for crumbs
On snowy window sill;
Then flew away on flaming wing,
When he had had his fill.

But he'll be back, the saucy wretch,
With base ingratitude,
And spend his time upon our roof,
A-pecking holes in wood!

WIND BELLS

One day or two in all the year
When leaves fall golden brown and sere,
And frosted by the night's chill cold
They drift in tinkling showers of gold,
We hear them when the morning's still,
Like fairy wind-bells on the hill.



AUTUMN QUATRAIN

On such a golden Autumn day —
So still in field and wood —
My heart can surely hear God say,
"I made it — it is good."

LET THERE BE LIGHT

Lo, in Creation's first glad morning hour,
God said, "*Let there be light!*" That dawning Power
Brought forth the sun with glory shining bright,
The moon with gentle, soft and silvery light,
And all the myriads of stars agleam
Whose drifting lights through countless ages stream.
And then came Man, who thinking learned alone
To make a fire by rubbing stone on stone,
A tiny flame for warmth and light, and cheer,
To carry comfort, and to drive out fear.
And then the flaming torch of golden light
To flare through forests' dark and gruesome night,
The wavering wick came next, the cruise of oil,
And sputtering candle. After days of toil
Great powers drawn from ancient sea and sky,
Man harnessed them, to do his work, and fly
Like Pegasus, from realm to realm, on earth
To bear for men, all thoughts of might and worth,
Forerunners of these wonders now we see
All future works of science and mystery.

APRIL 1940

Prone the orchards lie —
In dust their blossoms sweet
Their roots upturned —
To a bloody sky.
The whole earth shakes
With tread of marching feet,
While homes are burned
And little children cry.
The fields are planted with the Dead,
In place of wheat for Bread.



MANGER HYMN

The Star shone down
On Bethlehem town
And shed its radiant light
On Mary and the manger low
And on the Infant bright.

O may that Star
Still shine afar
In every land tonight
To fill each heart with Love and Peace
And lead our steps aright.

BUTTERCUPS

The Buttercups are blossoming
Around the country side,
They star the field and meadow
And the hill-tops far and wide,
Their faint, elusive fragrance
And a pale, green whispering,
Are coming out to greet us,
On the road that leads to Spring.



SYRINGA

Syringa bends her laden boughs.
Her pearly cups brim over,
To spill their fill
Of last night's rain
Upon the grass and clover.



TANKA

Wee lotus flower,
Listen to my lullabye.
The sun is sinking
Like a gold bird in the sea.
Sleep, little lotus flower.

LOVE SONG TO A LITTLE GIRL

I wish I were a little bird to sing
Outside your window, on the cherry tree,
So sweet a song that you would understand
I love you best of all; do you love me?

I wish I were a little rose to bloom
Beside your door-way all the long day through
While every breeze would carry whispered words,
"I love you, Dearest, say you love me too."



EARLY CROCUS

Purple Crocus in the snow
You are very brave I know,
For the winter winds still blow.

Wrap up in your velvet gown,
Close your eyes and cuddle down.
Soon the skies will cease to frown.

When the sun shines warm and clear,
When the blue birds' song you hear
Then my Crocus, welcome dear.

BIRD ARCHITECTS

Robin Redbreast with home planning,
Uses neither boards nor bricks
With his little beak as trowel,
Spreads mud-plaster over sticks.

Oriole makes stocking cradle,
Swinging from a leafy bough,
Weaves the silk of dandelion
Into blankets — he knows how.

Hummingbirds use moss and lichen
Or a bit of thistle puff,
Mold it into chamois pocket
For their family big enough.



TO A SEA HORSE

O, little Sea Horse in the ocean blue
Do you trot and run as horses do?

Or would you rather rock in the sea?
You look like a rocking horse to me.

Do you eat sea-moss instead of hay,
And watch the little sea-urchins play?

Do you like jelly-fish sandwiches in the deep,
Do the star-fishes shine on you while you sleep?

Why, little Sea Horse, bless my soul,
You are doing a rock and roll!

LONELY PUP

A puppy-dog was whimpering
Within his little bed —
For he was lonely and afraid,
Though he was warm and fed.

Then Mother got a friendly clock,
And wrapped it in his rug,
And said, "*Now, Puppy go to sleep —
You are so nice and snug.*"

Then Puppy turned around — around —
Three times upon his tail,
Curled up and slept the long night through
Without a single wail.

He slept contentedly beside
The little, ticking clock —
He thought it was his Mother's heart,
That went "*Tick-tock — tick-tock!*"

THE CHEERFUL PUP

Our neighbor has a Cheerful Pup
He likes to dig our flowers up.

He comes across at early dawn
To desecrate our fair new lawn.

Our yard is just a bit of land,
So he can hardly understand.

Why we should care where he digs holes,
Or why it matters where he rolls!

A primrose is a weed to him
He digs it up with earnest vim,

A dandelion or a rose
Smells just the same to puppy's nose.

He hides his head upon his paws
But he's not sleeping there, because

His stubby tail and pleading eyes
Are begging us to sympathize.

And then we scarcely can resist
His doggy nose with freckles kissed.

We know he is trying hard to say,
He loves us too — in his own way.

So because he's such a Cheerful Pest,
We quite forgive him all the rest!

MYSTERY LADY

I know a little lady,
In silk and ribbons fair,
Her hair is curled and powdered,
Her dimpled shoulders bare.

Around the ruffles of her skirt,
Are tiny roses set,
And she looks as if just ready
To dance the minuet.

I've often wondered why she stands
So still the live-long day,
And never tries to walk around
Or dance a bit, or play.

I've found the dreadful secret —
Though she is so charming, sweet,
My dear Pin-Cushion-Lady
Hasn't any feet!

EARLY BIRD OPERA

Our paper boy is a joyous soul,
And musically inclined.
He sings many an operatic role,
In manner quite refined.

I hear him as he nears my house,
Singing all the way.
His foot steps like a metronome,
Keep time to his roundelay.

He lifts his voice, so loud and strong
In glorious crescendo,
Then follows the rest of his matin song,
Through my open window.

Of course though I cannot be cruel so
As to nip this budding genius,
I find paper boys and Caruso
Is a combination heinous!

But can I be blamed if I sound
Not too enthusiastic
When he makes his daily morning round,
And I do something drastic?

Lest it be deemed I have no soul,
Grand Opera I'm not scorning —
If only he would change his role
To later in the morning.

For 4 A.M. is scarce the time,
To opera to be listening,
So Paper-boy please heed my rhyme,
And take it out in whistling!

THE MOUSE

One day I was so hungry,
I thought I'd surely cry.
I went into the pantry
To get a piece of pie.
I went in, very softly,
All by my little self,
And there I saw a tiny mouse
Upon the pantry shelf.

He looked at me, quite curiously,
With black and beady eyes —
(Of course, I was not scared a bit)
But he took me by surprise.
I said, "*What are you doing here
Mr. Mouse upon my shelf,
Don't you think you ought to be
Quite 'shamed of yourself?*"

He said, "*I was just looking
At that scrumptious, juicy pie —
But what are you a-doing here,
I'd like to ask you why?*"
"*It looks to me, to say the least
That things are rather queer,
You'd better try to 'splain yourself
And make your actions clear!*"

He looked at me, quite sternly,
I thought I'd better go.
I was not very hungry — then —
Least not for *pies*, you know.
I 'membered what my Mother said,
'Bout pies not being good,
Especially between our meals
They're not a wholesome food.

My Mother says, sometimes they give
A child the strangest dreams,
Night-mares, I think she calls them —
Least-wise that's how it seems.
So I 'cided that I'd leave that pie
Upon the pantry shelf —
Just go and let that little mouse
Have a night-mare by himself!



MY PET PEEVE

When I start in perusing
A serial of my choosing,
I meander on, at first, quite happily
Till the exciting story,
Begins to be quite gory
Then says — "*Continued on page seventy-three.*"

So with visage stern and solemn
I look up and down the column
Wondering what murders are in store,
Then I find the extra portion
Is aflame with wild extortion
And — "*Continued on page one hundred sixty-four.*"

As a climax of the mystery
A "*Flash back*" gives each history,
And I really have a cause for being vexed.
I wish I'd not begun it.
Will I ever find "*Who done it?*"
When the last words are "*Continued in our next!*"

O'ER JUDEA'S PLAINS

O'er old Judea's plains, there shone a Star
So bright and beautiful its heavenly light
That shepherds watching on the hills afar,
Were suddenly brought to their knees in fright.

But then they heard the voice of angels say,
*"Fear not, a Babe is born in Bethlehem.
Go seek and find, the Star shall show the way."*
So they arose — the Guiding Star led them.
They found Him there, in lowly manger laid,
They worshipped Him — on humble knees they knelt,
Their joy-filled hearts were now no more afraid,
For more than gratitude and love they felt.
Now on His birthday, may we gladly bring
Our grateful praises to the newborn King.

CHRISTMAS STORY

Mary and Joseph came one night
To the town of Bethlehem,
But there was no welcome for them there,
No room — no room for them.

But a lantern gleamed from stable door
And Mary was weary and worn —
They refuge found, and in manger low,
The Lord, our Lord was born.

In the sky, a star gleamed out
And flooded the heavens all night,
And the little town and the stable gray,
Were warmed, quite warm with the silver light.

And the shepherds saw the light in the East.
And wise men came from afar,
"Where is the new-born King?" they said
"For we have seen, have seen His star."

And a choir of angels came winging down,
With radiance from on High,
The first Christmas carol ever sung —
Was the Baby's Lullabye!

CHILD'S CHRISTMAS HYMN

One Christmas day,
A Baby lay
In His lowly manger,
Shepherds far
Saw the star,
And came to see the stranger.

Wise men old,
Brought their gold,
Rich jewels laid before Him.
All through the night
The angels bright
Came singing to adore Him.

The angels sang,
The heavens rang,
With praise and adoration,
Our Savior's birth
Brought Peace to earth,
And Hope to every nation.



O that the candles of Christmas Cheer,
Might beam so brightly all the year!



Shine on us, Star, bright diadem,
Lead us to the Babe of Bethlehem.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

(*Acrostic*)

Merry Christmas, once again
Echoes now the old refrain.
Radiant shines the Eastern Star
Reaching earthward from afar,
Yearning over waiting world.

Chime out bells on Christmas Day!
How sweet the ancient carols sound.
Ring out the whole wide world around.
Into our hearts the Star's bright ray
Shall bring the old immortal Story
To live forever in its glory,
Men need the Babe of Bethlehem,
Assurance that the Love Divine
Still comes to lives like yours and mine.

SEPTEMBER

(Acrostic)

September weaves a rug — and fold on fold
 Enchantment blends to color tapestries.
 Pale, purple asters vie with leaves of gold,
 To knit design through warm and sun-lit hours,
 Enticing bees to way-side stars late-blown.
 Magician Autumn has these mysteries —
 Blue skies, flax-flower blue, to arch above
 Effulgent meadows, hot with grain new-mown,
 Reflecting pattern-plans of gracious love.



OCTOBER

(Acrostic)

October plays a symphony —
 more sweet than summer knew,
 Clear trills of color harmony —
 accompaniment of blue,
 Trees — crimson, scarlet-red or gold,
 flame fanfare in the sun.
 On quiet streams, small leaves, like notes,
 drop gently one by one.
 Bright bars of yellow sunlight sift
 through drowsy, woodland trees,
 Each phrase repeats with echoing,
 on every fragrant breeze —
 Reluctant still to go to rest,
 and write the music's end.

NOVEMBER

(Acrostic)

November skies are cheerless, leaden, gray,
 On barren bough the last leaf sadly clings,
 Veiled mist-enshrouded trees, bow down today —
 Endure with patience, storms that autumn brings,
 May hearts that suffer now be comforted
 By understanding — *"Surely God knows best,"*
 Each gray November says, *"This is not Death;*
Remember child beloved, this is Rest."



VALENTINE BE MINE

(Acrostic)

Valentine's day has come,
 And like violets after rain
 Love thoughts spring in my heart again.
 Each bud, safely wrapped from frost and snow,
 No rosy whorl of petals show.
 They are only waiting for the sun,
 Into life to call them, every one.
 Now birds flash by on eager wing;
 Each heart is waiting for the spring.

But dear, I'm sending this to you,
 Each line a message sweet and true.

More sweet than flowers in the spring,
 If your eyes shine out a welcoming.
 Now sweet, say you will be mine,
 Ever my own, my Valentine!

NEW YEAR

(Acrostic)

Now lies before us the book, the opening
book of the New Year.

Each page spotless, unsullied, and white
as the snow is white.

With the lamp of faith shining to shed light
and cast out fear.

Yesterday with its mistakes and sorrows
erased and blotted from sight,

Everyday a fresh beginning, each morn

A challenge to our hearts, and our souls,

Renewing our faith in the future,
as the New Year unrolls.



JANUARY

(Acrostic)

Just across the winter fields, comes Prince January,
All in robes of frosts and snows, gales and winds contrary.
No flowers make his gleaming crown but frosty jewels shining
Upon his brow with gems of ice, and snowy stars entwining,
All soft his feet upon the hills, where flowers without number,
Rest safe till April's birds return

to rouse them from their slumber.

Young January comes again, the New Year bringing.

MEMO

To David Paddy

X-Mas 1987

George Fyhrie

Much of the verse my mother wrote was "describing" events of her daily life - especially those little fleeting glimpses of the children - and family - . Many of her poems bring back pictures of my childhood - happy and sometimes sad.

Wlad